

Lost and Found by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Gen, POV Outsider

Language: English

Characters: Barbara "Barb" Holland, Nancy Wheeler, Original Female Character(s)

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-12-06

Updated: 2016-12-06

Packaged: 2022-04-02 00:16:20

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,397

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Barb's estranged sister comes back to town intent on discovering what really happened to her.

Lost and Found

Author's Note:

- For [shrift](#).

Margaret found out about Barb's disappearance through a friend of a friend. There was no mention of her sister on the news or even in the town newspaper.

It was like no one cared about the fact that Barb disappeared into thin air. The only thing to do was to go back home so Margaret would be able to get to the bottom of everything.

When she left five years ago, Margaret never looked back. She never imagined going back to the same place she literally fled in the middle of the night.

The first place Margaret went upon coming back into town was the the police station. It proved to be a lost cause because they dismissed her sister as a runaway.

"She wouldn't just run away," Margaret insisted to the officer sitting across from her. "You need to look for her. Barb could be dead like that boy Will you found!"

"Miss Holland with all due respect, you're family isn't unfamiliar with runaways. The whole town knows about your... situation"

Margaret could've corrected the officer about the truth but there would be no point. They'd rather believe she ran away than her own mother kicked her out because she wouldn't conform to the way she thought a daughter should be.

"Something happened to Barb no matter what you say."

"You haven't seen your sister in five years, Margaret. Things can change in that amount of time."

"So that's that?"

"I'm sorry, Margaret, but we have no reason to believe anything foul has happened to your sister."

Margaret bit back a 'fuck you' before storming out of the police station. Tears blurred her vision but Margaret found her way out and back to her car.

The police were still shit in this town. No one gave a damn that her sister was nowhere to be found.

Margaret wondered if their mother had searched or ever reported Barb missing. She had always been indifferent to Barb. It was Margaret who their mother, Lauren, favored until the truth about her came to light.

She loathed the possibility of seeing her mother again but if it led to some insight into Barb's disappearance, it would have to be done. Margaret gladly put the eventual reunion out of her mind and instead focused on finding a payphone.

Upon finding one, Margaret parked her car and promptly dialed the home number. It picked up in three seconds like Rosie promised it would be.

"Hey baby. How are you doing?" Rosie murmured.

"Terrible. No one gives a shit about the fact that Barb is missing and they don't want to anything about it either."

"Are you sure you don't want me to drive down? I don't want you to go through all this by yourself, babe."

"The second I need you Rosie I'll let you know. For now just... understand that I have to do this."

"You don't have to do this by yourself."

"I know."

"Bye babe. Call me later, yeah?"

"I will. Bye, Rosie. I love you."

“Love you too.”

Margaret hung up with a sad feeling in the pit of her stomach. She wanted Rosie by her side but it wouldn't be fair to drag her into it. Especially not to see her mother.

She knew nothing about Barb anymore. Margaret didn't know what she liked, who her friends were, or even what kind of teenager Barb became.

When Margaret left Barb was only ten. Despite the eight year age difference the two of them were close. The person who would know about the most about Barb (like who her friends were) had to be Mother.

If there were any other way, Margaret would avoid her childhood home all together but it wasn't a luxury she could afford. Not if she wanted to find Barb.

Once Margaret worked up the nerve to drive to her childhood home, the memories started flaring up. The one that stuck out the most was getting thrown out in the middle of the night after mother discovered the letters her girlfriend at the time sent Margaret.

For years before that Margaret tried to ignore the ever persistent attraction to girls and lack thereof to boys. It came to a point where Margaret couldn't continue to ignore it without being completely miserable.

She took a deep breath and finally knocked on the door. When it opened, Margaret's words became caught in her throat. There was this whole speech Margaret prepared but it flew out the window upon the sight of her mother.

“Mom...”

“What are you doing here?”

“I'm here to find out what happened to Barb since the damn police won't do a thing,” Margaret nearly hissed. “I know you want nothing to do with me but for Barb's sake please tell me where I can find her friends. They might know something that happened.”

Her mother's lips formed into a thin line. "Barb ran away. Nothing more."

"And what if she didn't?"

"I... I had hoped she went to find you. She had talked about you in the past few months. When Barb didn't come home, I assumed she was with you. The police said just to give it a few days and she would come back."

Margaret wanted to lash out at her mother for not even attempting to confirm that theory but she shoved that comment quickly to the back of her mind. "Is there anyone who might know what happened?"

"Nancy Wheeler is Barb's best friend. She might know something."

Margaret nodded and turned around to leave, only stopping when her mom made a noise.

"Could you let me know if you find anything?"

"Of course. I'm not as cruel as you."

"I couldn't have that in my house, Margaret, but if I could go back, I would have."

Margaret smiled. "If not for you kicking me out I never would've met Rosie so I guess in a strange way I should be thanking you."

"Margaret..."

"Goodbye, mom. I'll be in contact if I find out something."

Margaret rehearsed what to say to Nancy during the entire drive. She didn't quite know any easy way to tell someone she was their friends estranged sister. After taking a small breath, she knocked on the door and a petite girl with brown hair answered.

"Are you Nancy Wheeler?"

"Yes... Can I help you?"

"My name is Margaret Holland. I'm Barb's older sister. Did she ever mention me?"

Nancy's face seem to go stark white upon news of who she was. "Yes. She talked about you quite a bit. Always wanted to see you again."

"Do you know what happened to her? I was told that she went missing but everyone seems convinced she ran away."

Margaret was abruptly cut off.

"Barb didn't run away. I-I don't have definitive proof but Barb wouldn't just run away and if she did, you are the person she go to."

"So you don't know anything?"

"No but if you give me your number I will call you the second I find out anything."

"Thank you, Nancy."

~*~

The moment didn't come until much later. By then, Margaret had returned home and given up any hope of finding Barb. Her time back home had just been one let down after another.

She was in bed when the phone call came. Margaret fumbled for the phone, half asleep and disoriented.

"Hello?"

"Um Margaret this is, Nancy. We found her."

"Alive?" Margaret choked out.

"Yes."

She burst into sobs which woke Rosie up. All Margaret could say was 'Barb'. It took her a good five minutes to gain some composure.

"Where was she?"

This is where Nancy hesitated. “She was taken by the same thing that took Will. It trapped them but Joyce and the Sheriff helped them escape.

The overall explanation was that Barb and Will were trapped at or near the institute. Margaret didn't press for answers. She didn't want them. All that mattered is that Barb could take visitors and wanted to see her.

Margaret took Rosie with her on the trip but it was only her who walked into the hospital that afternoon.

She rounded the corner, ignoring their mother before making her way towards the door. A knock was followed by soft voice telling Margaret to come in.

“Hey Barb,” Margaret choked out.

“Hey Mar.”

Never again would Margaret leave Barb, their mother be damned.